

Great Story by Ike Swift This Week

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THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1905.

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Photo by White Co. New York.

DAINTY FLORENCE GREGSON.

A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN PERFORMER WHO WAS COMPLIMENTED BY PRINCE HENRY.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, December 16, 1905

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ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
KID HERMAN, Western Featherweight.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Ed Geers will drive Easter Direct, trial
2:03½, by Direct, 2:05½, next year.

Indoor baseball will be played much this
Winter, particularly in Buffalo and New York.

Delyluk, the Austrian wrestler, won from
Emil Maupas, Ottawa, Ont., throwing the Frenchman
twice.

Bell Acton, the former champion yearling
pacer, has been purchased by James A. Miller,
Culbertson, Neb.

Auguste Henry, winner of the Vanderbilt
cup race, will compete in the French and Italian auto-
mobile races next year.

The young stallion Vice Commodore, by
Bingen, 20½, out of Narion, by Arion, will be placed
in the stud in Kentucky.

It is announced that Springfield, Mass.,
wants the next annual regatta of the National As-
sociation of Amateur Oarsmen.

Charley Kaiser, the Rochester, N. Y.,
wrestler, was disqualified for using the strangle hold on
a wrestler named Powers, at Watertown, N. Y.,
recently.

Alex Swanson and Billy Cnaki, the two
best welterweight wrestlers in the country, have been
matched to settle the question of supremacy at Naug-
tuck, Conn., on Jan. 18.

Charley Conkle defeated Harvey Parker
in a wrestling match at Hamilton, N. Y., on Nov. 27,
winning straight falls, getting the first in 45 minutes
and 44 seconds and the second in 21:15.

Dick Welles, the race horse which broke
the six-furlongs world's record in 1:11 4-5, will race no
more. Although Dick Welles has recovered from his
injuries, his owner, J. B. Respass, has decided to retire
him.

The Registration Committee of the A. A.
U. has reinstated George Bonhag, the crack athlete,
it having been proven that the oversight in not reg-
istering was not his fault, but apparently that of the
club he represented.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF
Bicyclists,
Swimmers,
Strong Men,
Runners and

ATHLETES OF
ALL KINDS

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PUBLISHED
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ARMY AND NAVY PICTURES
IF YOU HAVE ANY.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THEATRICAL FACTS—

WITH A FEW CALCIUM FLASHES IN BETWEEN

—FOOTLIGHT FANCIES

Items of Interest About the Clever Entertainers Who Play in Halls and Continuous Houses.

LET POLICE GAZETTE READERS KNOW ABOUT YOU

All Professionals Are Invited to Send in Brief Paragraphs About Themselves and Photos in Character For Publication on This Page.

The Zeno, Jordan and Zeno Troupe have gone to South Africa with Filles' Company.

Lew F. Davenport, Frank H. Tenney and Van and Dunlevy are with the Great Barlow Minstrels.

Wilbur Mack, who recently closed with "My Wife's Family" Company, has returned to vaudeville.

Ellis Converse and Lillian Hanley report meeting with success in their new act, "The Coon and Mephisto."

William A. Mack, after a successful Summer season under canvas, with the Happy Dick Turner

The Six St. Leon Family has signed with the Great Wallace Shows, for the season of 1906.

Margaret Manley is in her second season with Woodhull's High Rollers Company, and is doing splendidly.

Edward E. Boyd, tenor, late of the Military Comedy Four has been engaged on the Sullivan & Considine circuit for the season, to sing illustrated songs.

The roster of Reh's High Class Entertainers is: John L. Reh, comedian; Clara Furrol, prima donna; Florence Johnson, song and dance performer; Claire Depressie, illustrated songs and fire dancer; Frank



NAOMI ETHARDO.

She Does an Acrobatic Act in Vaudeville and She Does it so Well That Her Name is in Big Type on the Programmes.

Silver Plate Show, has joined the Metropolitan Vaudeville Entertainers to produce his specialties, his new single act being a feature.

Yacklay and Bunnell, The Musical Minstrels, are a feature act with the Maud Hillman Stock Company.

The New Orleans Amusement Company is touring Pennsylvania in a private car, and meeting with success.

Al H. Tyrrell, who joined the John W. Vogel's Minstrel Show, as principal comedian, is meeting with success.

Marion and Dean are booked on the Kohl & Castle circuit, to open in February, at the Majestic Theatre, Chicago.

Powers and Theobald announce that they are booked solid until April, 1906. They expect to have two shows on the road next year.

Orville and Frank have concluded a long season with the Barnum & Bailey Circus, and are now filling engagements at vaudeville houses.

Shaw and Blake have returned from their tour of the South, and are now booking their new singing and talking act, which is a decided success.

known as the Shanty Town Duo. They are booked up until Jan. 25, 1906, and then come to New York to play Eastern time.

Unicycle Hay, who styles himself the Wizard of the Bike, is a special feature of the olio with John W. Vogel's Big City Minstrels.

Marion and Pearl, who are with Haverly's Minstrels, will put out their Summer minstrels over the Melville circuit of parks next Summer.

Eldridge, sand picture artist, leaves Feb. 1, 1906, for Glasgow, Scotland, to open at the Zoo, under contract with Frank Bostock, for two years.

The La Mothe Trio have strengthened their act considerably. They open on the O'Brien circuit, and start on the Kohl & Castle circuit Jan. 1.

Harry Koler, of Koler and Seymour announces that he has dissolved partnership with Ed Seymour. The name of the new team will be Koler and Davis.

The Empire Road Vaudeville Company, Prot. A. B. Heim, wife and two children; Eddie Ernie, one-legged performer, and wife, are touring Colorado and Kansas.

George H. Turner, manager, says that the California Girls Company is making good, and Helen Russell and Evelyn Fonner are one of the big hits of the organization.

Tyson Sisters (Maryland and Virginia) have joined hands, and are playing soubrette, leads and specialty with Jermyn & Jacobs' Golden Crook Company, with success.

Kaufman, comedy magician, has joined hands with Harry Rogers, Dutch comedian, and they will do a comedy magical act and will soon open on the Kohl & Castle circuit.

Heeley and Meely, grotesque acrobats, open in Paris, France, April 1, 1906, with other continental and English time booked, which will bring them well up into 1907.

Harry De Lain has closed a ten weeks' engagement at the Mission Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., and opens at Los Angeles for the Winter season, in stock and illustrated songs.

Bessie Shaw joined the Irving Brothers, at Austin's Palm Gardens, Syracuse, N. Y., and reports success with illustrated songs. She will remain there in stock until after Christmas.

The Loretta Twins, acrobats, and Harvey, their brother, were booked at Omaha, Minneapolis and Denver by Manager Lehman, following their successful engagement at the Orpheum, Kansas City.

J. Theodore Murphy, principal comedian with Al Reeves' Show, reports doing very nicely. His Hebrew impersonation of Julius Tomashafksie is criticised by the press as being the most original conception.

Photographs in costume of lady performers will be used free of charge. Especially interesting poses will be given a very prominent position.

In the show. He has been re-engaged by Manager Al Reeves for next season, and will be featured in the olio with his new act, "Murphy and His Kosher Klub," with special scenery and costumes, supported by ten girls.

Downey and Willard have just finished five weeks on the Nash circuit, where they met with success, and are booked solid until April 2, 1906. They will be seen in their new act, entitled "The Banker," in the East, in a few weeks.

Nettie Black, the prima donna, who will soon return to vaudeville, has secured a novel act, entitled "The Auto Girl." The act combines monologue and singing, and has several striking features which necessitate the introduction of a high power automobile.

Mazie Davis Hobbs has again joined hands with her former partner, Minnie Hoyle, after a separation of five years, and are presenting a novel sister act, introducing imitations, singing and monologues. They are booked solid on the Northwestern circuit, for twenty weeks.

William J. Wells and Nellie Budworth commenced on the Nash Northwestern circuit of family theatres Dec. 11, opening in La Crosse, Wis. They will produce their new playlets, entitled "Electric Love" and "Polly Perkins' Cousin." Both acts will be costumed elegantly.

The Topsy Turvy Trio (O'Connell, manager) are now on the Northwestern circuit, having just concluded a successful run of twenty-four weeks, without laying off. The trio is booked until August next. Mr. O'Connell is making arrangements for the producing of the three act farce comedy, "O'Dowd from Cohoes."

Here is the roster of Kalbfeld's Minstrels: Louis Kalbfeld, owner and manager; Jack Harvey, general agent; Harry Thorn, advance agent; Walter Schertzinger, stage director; Pirro Grechi, leader of band and orchestra; Charles W. Williams, Clark and McCullough, George W. Snow, George Burton, Percy Cahill, Percy Spellman, W. J. Garrett, Edward De Groot, Houston Wearn, and a solo orchestra of ten pieces.

Handsome Free Supplement Next Week---BEAUTIFUL RUBY LEONI, "THE MODEL VENUS"

GAY NEW YORK BY NIGHT

A Night in a Wine Joint on Avenue A, Where the East Siders Cut Out a Hot Pace.

THE SPORTING LIFE OF THE OTHER HALF

Dissipation of the Pretty Working Girl and Some of the Queer Things That Happen After the Second Quart Has Been Finished.

NO. 7.

We will shake the Tenderloin for just one night, boys, and take a little trip along the East Side, where it is cheaper. This isn't an economical move, by any means, but you'll find something in what are known as the slums that is worth seeing. I might remark, while we are on the subject of price that if you go into a place on or near Broadway and ask for a bottle of wine you will be called upon to pay \$2.50 for a pint and \$5 for a quart, while on the other side of town you can get a quart for 80 cents.

Of course it's a different kind of juice, but it has the same effect and result in the long run, and the next morning you can't tell the difference—except in your bank roll.

And incidentally I know men who have thrown under their belts the choicest vintages of the world, who have declared that the plain white wine bought by the sports of the East Side was good enough for a queen at any stage of the game, provided she was in the right kind of company, and when these kind of people beat it from the Great White Way to a booze joint on Avenue A just for the sake of a couple of quarts you can take it from me that there is something to it.

The girls over here are just as good looking as those on Broadway, even though they don't wear furs and silks, and their diamonds are nothing more nor less than Rhine stones, and only look good when the electric lights are very bright—and then almost anything looks at its best, even a woman.

In this place there is an orchestra consisting of a piano and a violin, and the way the two "artists" deliver the goods couldn't be beaten in the Metropolitan Opera House. They are on to the latest popular air with the speed of a grafter who is about to annex a stranger's bank roll, and what they don't know about ragtime isn't worth consideration.

Here are small round tables, each one of which will comfortably accommodate four persons—just a nice little sociable party.

At eight o'clock it is deserted.

At nine they begin to come.

"They" are the shop girls and their escorts—if they are lucky enough to have escorts. If they are not they come anyhow and take a chance.

Among the first to arrive is a good-looking blonde who is known to the habitues as "Della Fox."

When she first made up her mind that the white wine of Avenue A was good for her complexion some one told her she looked like Della Fox.

That was enough to start her going.

She immediately spent two dollars for four photographs of that famous little comedienne, and proceeded to rebuild and rearrange herself on the same lines. She jolted her hair, put the well-known Della curl on the forehead in commission, and the resemblance was more startling than ever.

Her ambition became fixed and centered, and it dominated her.

To follow it up demanded more time than she could spare from the shop in which she worked. So it finally resolved itself into the proposition that either one or the other must be given up. The job suffered and she quit without formal notice, and her likeness to the singer became her stock in trade.

Financially the change was all right, for now she dresses better than she ever did before; she doesn't have to get up in the morning at 7 o'clock and beat it to work, and her spare time is given over to elaborating and enhancing her natural charms.

Morally there is a great difference, but that subject has been worn so threadbare that there is no use touching it, for the fellow who handles morals nowadays has a very cold and cheerless time of it.

At 9:30 they are coming in by twos and threes and fours, and every waiter is on the hustles.

The two popular drinks are red and white wine, with the latter a bit in the lead for no apparent reason except, perhaps, that the drinkers prefer the color.

Della's double sinks languidly in a chair and calls a waiter.

"Bring me a pint of white, Jim," and when he de-

parts she produces from some hidden safe deposit the necessary thirty cents.

That preliminary pint is a bracer, and it is the last she'll invest in during the night, for she is popular here and there will be plenty of young fellows who will be willing to blow their heads off for her; at least that is what the waiter known as Jim told me the other night when I dropped thirstily in for a pint of that same white.

Wherever you look you will see girls who have been

lapping it up like a six-week's-old pup up against a fresh milk proposition.

"Sammy's got a new tart on his staff to-night," remarks a cloak model with a figure that would get her big money in burlesque if she ever cared to put on the silks.

"Yes, I know her; her name is Jenny something, and she's in the hosiery at Rogenstein's. She was all right since she got a swelled head on account of her good looks. The manager up there was kind of stuck on her, and I guess she thought she owned the store until she found out he had a wife, and then it was all off. Did you ever see his wife? No? Well, she's a big horse with a hand like Jeffries, and one night, when she found them talking on the corner she hit Jenny a swipe that almost put her out of business, and that was the last chapter in that Laura Jean Libby love story."

"Well, she'll get hers all right if she sticks to that fresh goose."

After the second quart, the young fellow known as Sammy, always naturally volatile, loosens up still more and begins an Arabian Nights story that is a gem.

"I got them all going," he is saying. "I won't say who put me next to this system, but when I go down to the track I'm ashamed to look the bookmakers in the face, the money comes so easy. Say, on the level, I can take \$25 a day away from them and not half try. I've got two swell furnished rooms in Fourth street and

the room are vibrating visibly, and the peculiar undulating movement of the different objects make her feel as though she were going to faint.

Her head droops forward like a flower that has been touched with frost, and her arms lifelessly fall to her side.

She would have gone to the floor in another moment had not the quick eye of her escort noted the sudden change which had come over her, and his ready arms caught her as she was about to slide from the chair.

"Look," says the Juno-esque cloak model, "she's flopped."

"They all begin that way, but she'll know better next time," remarked her companion. "Sammy ought to have held her down to a pint and then she could have listened to reason. Now it's a case of lug her home with a fairy tale for her mother and cracked ice—if she can get it—for her head to-morrow."

The man is trying to lift her to her feet, but she is a dead weight and he is Hercules. It takes the assistance of a strong-armed waiter to get her out in the hallway where the air is just one degree fresher and where she is safe from the curious eyes of the crowd. They don't encourage helpless drunks—male or female—here any more than they do on Broadway.

Her first plunge into sporting life has resulted in a knockout, and she is taking the full count.

But they are not all like that, for there are girls sitting at these tables who can drink like sailors half the night, and be up bright and early in the morning ready to go to work; but every once in a while a new one arrives whose capacity has never been tested, and her drinking is watched with interest until it is known whether she will develop into a regular or only a slipper.

Incidentally the word slipper means one who makes a pretense of drinking much, but who really drinks very little.

Wine drinking—even white wine—and morals do not as a rule go hand in hand, and love affairs are numerous, so it frequently happens that one of the girls, always a handsome one, by the way, will suddenly resign her place at the store, or shop, or factory, and for some time afterwards live a life of butterfly ease, to the envy of her former co-laborers.

The hands on the big clock on the side wall point to one o'clock, and only the old warriors are left—the Old Guard of the East Side; they are the first to come and the last to go.

The liberal buying has come to an end; the rush is over; the waiters are at ease, and one or two have been relieved from duty.

An economical manager turns out a light here and there in a discreet manner, as if he were afraid to give offense. But the sitters know their time has come, and presently as they came in, in twos and threes and fours, they wander out into the night, some to go home and some to go to other places where the lights are still burning brightly, "down the line of the East Side."

It is the dissipation of the "other half," and there is no difference except that it is cheaper.

The cloak model, who has run the gamut from Shanley's to Avenue A, and who is therefore a sort of an aristocrat, yawns sleepily, and gives herself a shake, like a bird whose plumage has become ruffled by the dews of the night.

"I think I'll hit the feathers early to-night," she remarks carelessly, "for I've got a swell date uptown to-morrow night."

"With who?" asks another girl.

"With a sport that's got real money and that's enough for you to know," she retorts, as she saunters through the door like a queen of tragedy.

Ike Swift.

Another fascinating story NEXT WEEK.

MONTANA BOXERS.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Jerry McCarthy, who fights at 140-42 pounds, has fought some good battles, and his work in the ring entitles him to recognition. His sparring partner is Maurice Thompson, who has met and beaten some clever boxers at 130-33 pounds.

GORMAN MADE EVANS HUSTLE.

Twenty rounds of hard fighting resulted in a draw on Nov. 27, when Pinkey Evans, of Yonkers, met Tommy Gorman, of Albany, at a roadhouse on the new Scotland turnpike, just outside of the Albany, N. Y., city limits. The men were matched for a purse of \$200 and side bet of \$50, and fought at 120 pounds. Two hundred sports who drove out from Albany were unable to gain admittance.

On account of Evans' experience and his great showing against Bowker, in England, he was made a 2 to 1 favorite, and a large amount of money changed hands at these odds.

Evans was in wretched shape when the match was made, but trained faithfully and surprised his friends by his staying powers.

Both boys were exhausted at the end of the encounter, and Referee Barney Reilly's decision of a draw met with general approval.

LEARN TO BREATHE PROPERLY

Prof. Ittmann's book, No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library, will tell you all about it; with illustrations. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



THE PRETTY SHOP GIRL MEETS A GOOD THING OCCASIONALLY AND THEN THE WHITE WINE FLOWS FREE.

employed during the long day in drygoods stores, shops, factories and other work places. Somewhere in their composition they have that one drop of sporting blood that makes them good fellows, and which, oftentimes enough proves their undoing. Many a girl has breathed the air of this Bohemia just once and ever afterwards been dissatisfied with toiling for a living, and of being cooped up in a narrow, dark room in an East Side tenement.

There is no good of going into details and telling you what the result has been, unless, of course, you are from Missouri, and have to be shown. If that is the case, go there yourself and look it over. It's worth a visit, anyhow.

At the next table is an Hebraic plunger with a bank roll that would figure up to about \$30—equal to \$300 on Broadway. Pints cut no figure with him, so he is opening quarts, and the nice little girl he has with him

IT'S A CINCH TO WIN

When you play poker if you will study the game. Get that great little book Poker: How to Win, and look it over. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

"How about it, old pal, are you with me. I'm on the level and always will be."

She looks at him unsteadily.

The yellow lights flicker up and down; the walls of



CATHERINE BARTHO, TOE DANCER AND PUPIL OF PROF. ALVIENE.



STELLA GILMORE, WHOSE FIGURE IS THE PRIDE OF THE SHOW.



ELSIE CRESCY, VERY DRAMATIC AND GOOD LOOKING.



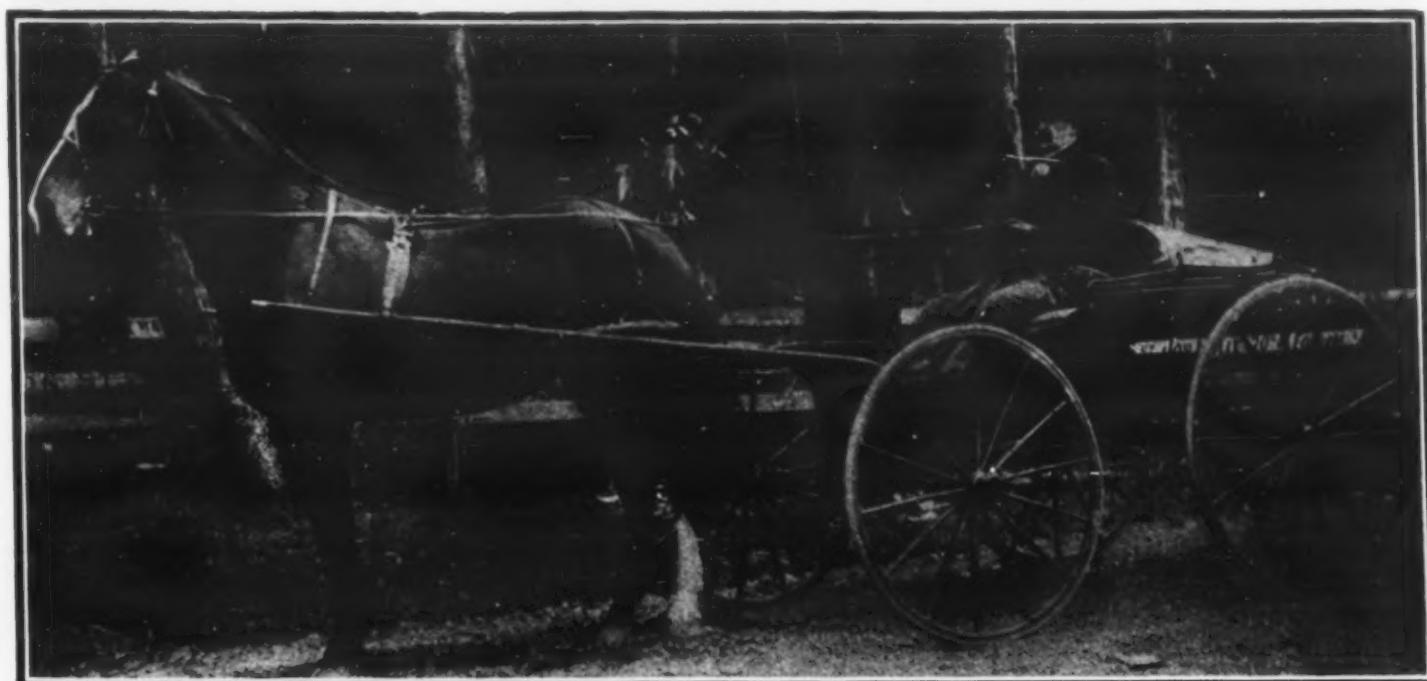
NEVER MIND HER NAME, LOOK AT HER FIGURE.

HERE ARE FOUR MORE.

ALL WORTHY OF A PROMINENT POSITION IN THE POLICE GAZETTE ART GALLERY.



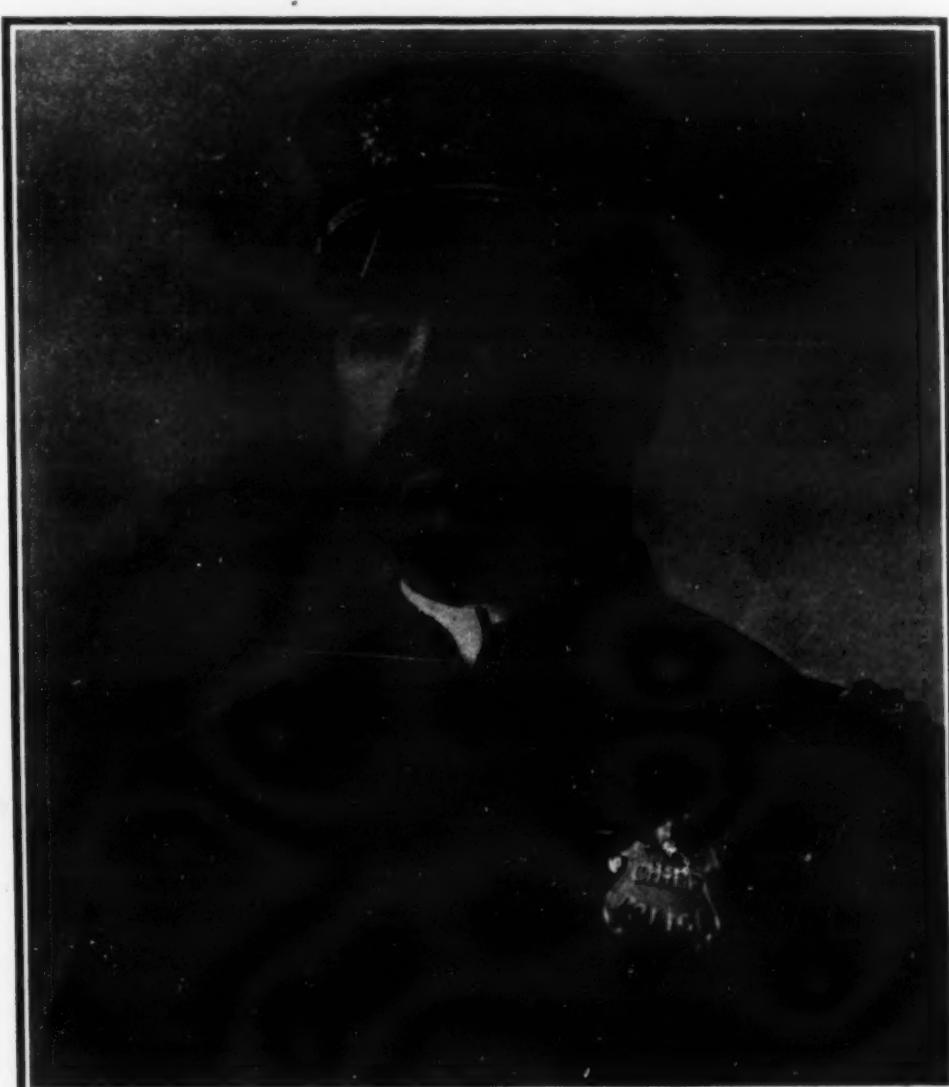
W. H. WEBER.
WITH HAYMARKET MUSIC HALL.



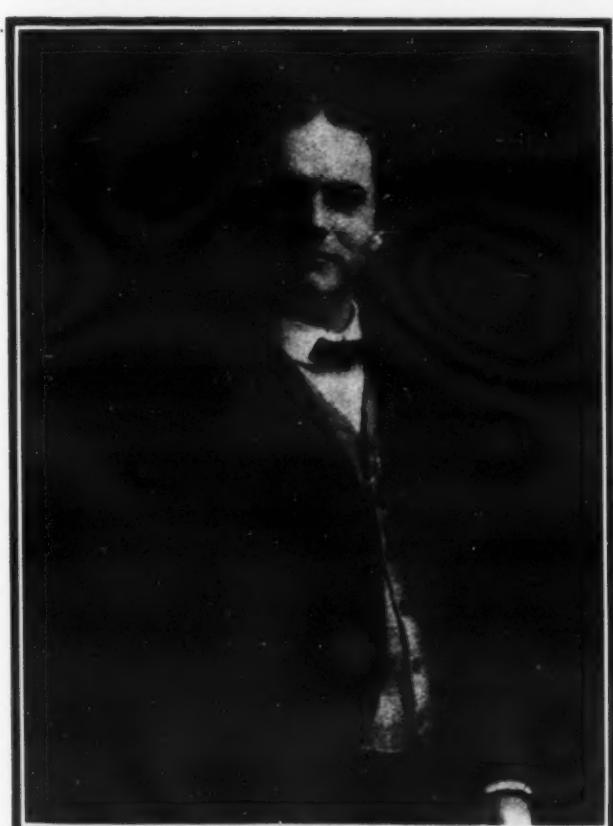
W. T. HOOPER.
POLICE OFFICER, DETAILED TO WORK WITH PACIFIC HUMANE SOCIETY, AND HIS MARE, NELLY.



CAPT. T. F. DUKE.
HIGH OFFICIAL OF THE COAST WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS.



CHIEF J. F. DINAN.
THE EFFICIENT, ABLE AND POPULAR CHIEF OF POLICE.



C. FRED CUMMINGS.
OWNER OF THE LEADING NEWS-STAND.



W. C. HOGEN.
A WESTERN MOTOR-CYCLING ENTHUSIAST.



JOHN M. LEAVITT.
EX-BOXER, NOW OAKLAND BARTENDER.

ON THIS PAGE ARE SHOWN SOME OF THE MOST PROMINENT MEN IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A HALO OF ROMANCE

—HE HAS MANY FRIENDS—

SURROUNDS PAT CROWE

Captured and Jailed at Last, This Remarkable Criminal Wins Over Even His Jailors

HE WAS THE CHIEF IN THE CUDAHY KIDNAPPING CASE

Daring and Nervy, He Eluded the Police as Long as He Desired His Freedom—He Has Learned the Art of Suddenly Disappearing.

Pat Crowe, who is one of the most remarkable men the West has ever known, and who became known throughout the country by reason of his connection with the Cudahy kidnapping case, is now in jail at Butte, Mont., where he has been for some time.

If those who know him are to be believed, he is personally the most charming of men, with a magnetism which turns enemies instantly into friends.

Not yet out of the thirties, his once jet black hair is white as snow. His figure is not bent, he still has the physical strength of youth, and as may be seen by the picture on this page, is rather a good looking fellow.

His most recent appearance in public, previous to his being taken into custody, was on Sept. 11 last, when he walked into the office of the *Commoner*, William J. Bryan's paper, at Lincoln, Neb. After half an hour's chat with Richard Metcalfe, the associate editor, he again disappeared. These open air visits of the fugitive have become remarkably frequent. He has been in the habit of appearing in newspaper offices, relating recent experiences, admitting his personality, then waving a magic wand fades away, leaving the mouths of the police agape. There are some who allege he possesses a sort of hypnotic power, which prevents any alarm being sounded for his capture when he is within such easy reach. The hypnotism, more likely, consists in the knowledge that Crowe has a steady eye and a ready gun.

Ever since the famous kidnapping of Edward A. Cudahy, Jr., on Dec. 18, 1900, Crowe at intervals acquainted the Omaha police of the fact that he is still on deck, hearty and well. His last public appearance in Omaha, where at one time was hung up nearly \$100,000 in rewards for his capture, was on July 5 of this year. Within gunshot of the City Hall and detective headquarters the greatest bandit of the age, the most hunted of men, held up and robbed two trolley cars, one right after the other.

Two months before that—on May 5—he entered a newspaper office in Omaha, chatted for an hour or more with a reporter and again dropped out of sight. Crowe made no pretense of concealment at that time. He first telephoned to the office, told who was at the wire and then made the appointment for the interview.

Within a few hours his presence in the city was made known to the police. The entire force of Omaha was spread out like a net to capture him. Then the telegraph wires were burdened with messages to all cities and towns throughout Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and other States calling for his capture. All to no purpose. Crowe had disappeared utterly.

Every two months or so the desperado has bobbed up in some way, as though he delighted to whet the appetite of the man hunters, for the mere wanton purpose of snatching the promised fame of capture from their eager grasp. Not only municipal police, county and State officers, but the army of private detectives as well, have been made ridiculous by Pat Crowe.

Neither modern nor ancient times afford a parallel to Pat Crowe's career. Were he possessed of Gyge's ring—that golden circlet which a turn upon the finger rendered its possessor invisible—Crowe could not more effectively have eluded the horde of his pursuers. While it is true the immense sums offered for his apprehension were withdrawn in part long ago, public and private detectives were almost as eager to catch him as they were when a great fortune would have been their reward.

When young Cudahy was snatched from near his palatial home in Omaha and Pat Crowe was said to have been the kidnapper Mr. Cudahy declared his disbelief in Crowe's guilt.

"I have been a friend to Pat Crowe," he said, "a friend in a way that would prevent even a robber from injuring the man who helped him."

Long ago, however, the wealthy packer was disabused of the ingenious conception of Crowe. If the robber really was indebted to Cudahy, gratitude apparently had no place in his make-up.

Although Crowe is denounced by the police as one of the most vicious and repellent of criminals, he must have attributes that attach others to him. That he has been shielded hundreds of times when the hunters were hot upon his trail, is certain. Money alone, nor fear, could not have procured this allegiance or loyalty. What those attributes are is another of the mysteries surrounding this remarkable individual.

In every city of the Union, where there is a police force, Pat Crowe's likeness is kept labeled: "Criminal—Occupation, train robber, hold-up thief, burglar, pickpocket and body snatcher." That is enough to make him a hero in the eyes of the underworld, but it was not with the thieves, robbers and murderers that Crowe consorted. Had he pursued that course, his capture would have been made long ago.

Pat Crowe has friends who live in the sunlight of supposed uprightness and honesty. He is said by those who have met him to be genial, bright and witty. They can scarcely be characteristics, though. They are but the veneer of one of the most cold-blooded of lawbreakers. Murder is the only heinous crime that has never been laid against Crowe. That is not his fault. At the very inception of his career, so far as it

is known publicly, he shed human blood. How many persons he has shot or stabbed no one but himself can tell, for he worked with only himself for counselor. Like the notorious Black Bart of the Sierras, and the more ancient prototype, Jack Sheppard, Pat Crowe seldom had a confederate. He wanted all the spoils, and trusted no pal. In the Cudahy kidnapping case it was reasonably certain he had two accomplices. One of these was supposed to be James Callahan, who was arrested, but was discharged after two long trials. Another person was connected with the crime, but his or her identity has never been established.

Crowe's personal appearance has changed completely in the last few years, and men who knew him well

returned the \$2,500, as he frequently acquired considerable sums of money by gambling and robbery.

Not long after that, in the latter part of 1893, he was suspected of the robbery of the safe of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad in Denison, Iowa. He admitted the robbery, but William A. Pinkerton, who visited him in his cell, said that Crowe confessed merely to escape being sent to Denver for trial on the jewelry robbery charge. There was ample evidence against him in the Denver case, but not enough to convict on the railroad robbery charge. It was decided to send him to Denver, but he saved the officers the bother by escaping.

In 1894 several daring train robberies were committed by him in the vicinity of St. Joseph, Mo., but for a long time he was not suspected, so carefully did he work.

Crowe's most sensational crime, though, was the kidnapping of young Cudahy. For that he and his supposed confederates were paid \$25,000 ransom. Mr. Cudahy left the money where he was directed to leave it, preferring not to take chances upon the kidnappers not executing their threat to kill the boy.

The whole world after that became the scene of a search for Crowe. He disappeared as absolutely as though he had been weighted and sunk in the middle of the ocean. When he was in Omaha last May he said he had been in South Africa and fought with the Boers against England, but that is not believed as it is known that he lived in Chicago and frequently paid visits to his old home in Omaha, laughing to scorn the efforts of the police to arrest him.

His latest exploit in holding up trolley cars in Omaha, suggests that his share of the kidnapping ransom has long since disappeared.

A new story by Ike Swift every week. Next week's will be a hummer.

MADE UNK HUSTLE.

The National A. C. of Philadelphia, gave an all star show on Thanksgiving Day, which was patronized by a large crowd.

The programme consisted, as usual, of five bouts, and three of them were clinkers. The wind-up was be-

had the lead in every round save the fourth, and in this round Mowatt only broke even.

Tucker had all the better of the first round, but did not do much damage to his opponent. In the second Mowatt brought the blood from Tucker's nose with a hard left jab. Tucker then rushed and floored Mowatt with a right to the jaw. Mowatt arose and was flopped once more with a left swing.

They mixed it up in the third. Mowatt was caged again, but recovered and was fighting viciously at the bell. Tucker was too anxious to finish Mowatt in the fourth and became very wild. Tommy, on the other hand, was careful and scored with the right and left to the wind.

Tucker started the fifth with a left jab to the face. Mowatt then worked the right for the wind, landing hard, and Tucker clinched. Tucker completed the round by jabbing the Chicago man without letup. Tucker was bent on finishing Mowatt in the sixth. He forced his rival around the ring and dropped Tommy with a right. He also cut his eye with a left and had him groggy at the bell.

GOLDEN GATE REPRESENTATIVES.

On another page of this issue are the portraits of a group of representative men of San Francisco, Cal. It is headed by J. F. Dinan, the popular Chief of Police, who is conceded to be one of the most efficient officials in the United States.

T. F. Duke, a precinct captain, is a courteous, obliging official, who has risen to his present high position because of his natural ability to fill the responsible place he now holds.

John M. Leavitt, who was at one time a boxer with a punch, is with Peter Christensen at his cafe and bowling alleys, 483 Seventh street, Oakland, where he mixes many palatable beverages for his friends.

There is no more popular motor cyclist on the Coast than W. C. Hagen, who is the recording and financial secretary of the San Francisco Motor Cyclists. He is an expert on the wheel and has a mileage of many thousand miles to his credit.

W. H. Weber is the manager of the Haymarket Music Hall at 127 Mason street, and that he does his work well is attested by the business done by this establishment, which has a seating capacity of 1,500 people, and was erected at a cost of \$110,000.

When it comes to selling newspapers and periodicals, particularly the POLICE GAZETTE, the honors go to C. Fred Cummings, whose store is at Market and Powell streets. He is well and favorably known to the sporting fraternity of the Western Coast, and is a member of Cape Nome Aerie No. 75, F. O. E.

Of Police Officer William T. Hooper much might be said, but it is sufficient to announce that he is detailed with the Pacific Humane Society, and for twenty-eight years he has been successfully protecting animals from unwarranted abuse by their owners. He is shown with his famous mare Nelly, a speedy little animal who is of great assistance to him in his work.

SHERIFF THERE—FIGHT WENT ON.

A big crowd of sports attended the boxing bout held at Freeland, Pa., Nov. 27, under the direction of the local Aerie of Eagles. Some opposition was raised to pulling off the bout by the law and order league, and Sheriff Jacobs had two deputies at the ringside, but there was no interference offered and the go went the limit. Pat Burke, of Wilkes-Barre, was referee.

The principal bout was a ten-round contest between Billy Lucas and Kid Decker. Lucas had a slight advantage in weight, and started in to cut the programme by putting Decker out of business early. He was blocked cleverly by Decker, whose fighting ability surprised even his handlers. In the third round both cut loose and an exchange of heavy body blows followed. In the fourth Lucas was dropped to his knees and the superior ring tactics of Decker was shown. Lucas was in fine fettle, however, and continued to force the fighting. He landed repeatedly, but Decker came back at him vigorously, and the bout closed in the tenth, as Referee Burke declared, a "fine draw."

The preliminary bout between Jimmy Levinton and Battling Stinger, of Philadelphia, was scheduled for six rounds. It opened up with such vigor a knockout was looked for. Levinton assumed the aggressive from the start, while Stinger played for an opening. The latter's judgment was sustained by developments in the fourth round, when Levinton threw up the sponge and was led from the stage, saving him from a knockout. The body blows of Stinger had telling effect.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

It looks now as if Jimmy Walsh and Frank Neil will meet in Los Angeles.

Jimmy Carroll, the old-time Boston lightweight, is conducting a boxing club in Berkeley, Cal.

Jack Blackburn has received an offer of a ten-round bout at Stockton, Cal., on New Year's Day with Rufe Turner.

Jim Corbett is certainly an artist in keeping his name before the public. His latest yarn is that he is to be connected with a bank at Bayside, L. I.

Joe Gans has posted a forfeit and challenged Mike (Twin) Sullivan to fight him in California. If Sullivan refuses Gans will try to get on a match with Aurelio Herrera.

The receipts at the Sullivan and Gardiner fight at San Francisco recently amounted to \$5,900. Sullivan received \$2,233. Gardiner got \$745. Sullivan also won a \$1,000 side bet.

Mike Ward bested Adam Ryan in a fast battle at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Thanksgiving Day, but the bout was declared a draw as Ward had the best of the weight by about ten pounds. Ryan would not box unless the bout was declared a draw if there was no knockout.

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Who sits in a game will always bring home the money. You can do the same thing if you will get a copy of *Poker: How to Win*. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



From Butte Photo View Co., Butte, Mont.

PAT CROWE.

The Remarkable Man Whose Criminal Record is Overlooked by His Friends Because of His Wonderful Personal Magnetism.

when he was about the stockyards of Omaha or in the streets of Chicago would not recognize him now. That was his chief protection against capture.

Patrick T. Crowe went to the public schools in Chicago and acquired an education that would have enabled him to make a good honest living. His brother, Stephen Crowe, is the proprietor of the Revere House in Chicago. Pat was 20 years old when, after a series of petty thefts, he leaped into criminal annals as a desparate character in the Spring of 1890, in Chicago.

In a house of ill repute he seized the proprietress and proceeded to tear her diamonds from her. She fought desperately and screamed. Crowe pulled a revolver and shot her in the arm. A negro porter rushed in, and he too got a bullet. Two policemen attracted by the shots and cries, ran up as Crowe was leaving the house. One of them was wounded; the other overpowered the young thug. For this crime, the wounded all having recovered, Crowe was sentenced to eight years in the Joliet Penitentiary. After serving two years, however, he was pardoned through the influence of relatives and friends.

His next crime of note was the snatching of a tray of diamonds from the window of a jewelry store in Denver. He was arrested, but a saloon keeper gave bail for him in \$2,500 and Crowe disappeared. That was one instance of his gratitude. He may, however, have

REAL PHYSICAL CULTURE

Can be learned from Prof. Ittmann's great book, which is No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library, Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

Chick Tucker easily had the better of Tommy Mowatt, of Chicago, in a six-round bout at the Washington Sporting Club, Philadelphia, on Nov. 27. Tucker scored five clean knockdowns, but failed to put Mowatt to sleep. Mowatt gave a great exhibition of gameness, taking a severe beating and coming back for more. The fight was a coker throughout, and, although beaten, Mowatt made an excellent showing. Tucker

MANY FIGHTS IN MANY RINGS

Some Notable Fistic Contests in the Numerous Athletic Clubs That are Worth Recording.

JACK "TWIN" SULLIVAN BESTS MIKE SCHRECK

Results of Fast and Interesting Battles in the Roped Arena Between Big and Little Boxers—Aspirants For Championship Honors.

Jack (Twin) Sullivan was given the decision over Mike Schreck, of Cincinnati, after twenty rounds of vicious fighting before the Pacific A. C., at Los Angeles, on Nov. 28. Sullivan exhibited great cleverness, landed three blows to Schreck's one and in point of effectiveness held a big lead throughout.

Schreck outweighed Sullivan twelve pounds, and went into the ring with great rolls of fat appearing on his body. He was slow in his work and regularly missed wicked rights and lefts for Sullivan's head. Sullivan repeatedly staggered him and once knocked him to his knees with a right swing.

For the first twelve rounds it was an even affair, but Sullivan began early to hammer Schreck on the head and face and repeatedly uppercut him in clinches. Schreck's weight was an apparent advantage in the rushes, when he forced Sullivan to the ropes half a dozen times in the early rounds, but his wildness and seeming lack of condition prevented effective work when he possessed an advantage.

Schreck offered Sullivan \$250 to waive the weight question, when he tipped the scales eight pounds overweight. Sullivan's refusal necessitated Schreck spending the night in Turkish bath and taking grilling road work.

TAME BOXING BOUT.

Joe Nelson, of Chelsea, and Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, fought twelve tame rounds to a draw before the West End A. C., at Lawrence, Mass., on Nov. 30, and although the referee's decision was a good one, the fighting was not satisfactory to the spectators. At no time was either man in need of a towel or sponge, and on the whole it was a very weak exhibition.

There were three preliminaries. Young Limerick beat Young Sharkey in eight rounds, Young Cuddy beat Joe Hennessey in six rounds, and Young Hamel beat Young Ryan in three rounds.

UNK RUSSELL COMING ALONG.

The large crowd of boxing enthusiasts who were present at the Hudson A. C., 116th street and Broadway, on Nov. 25, had the pleasure of witnessing one of the most stirring three-round bouts decided in New York in many a day. The principals were Charley Seiger, known as the Iron Man of Hoboken, and Unk Russell, one of Philadelphia's most promising lightweights. This was Russell's first appearance in New York in the ring. He came here with the record of having given Young Corbett the battle of his career in a six-round bout a few weeks ago.

Russell has a good right and throughout the mill he made Seiger feel the sting of it. The Quaker was too anxious, though, and but for this and his lack of judgment he might have succeeded in putting the Hoboken man away. As it was, he had Seiger going several times. The latter's gameness and generalship alone saved him from decisive defeat. Russell, who is a strong husky youngster, waded in from the start, landing when and where he could. He hammered Seiger's stomach and kidneys and did not seem to mind the hard jabs and counters that Seiger sent over. In the last round particularly Russell fought like a demon and had Seiger groggy. But the latter recovered in time to mix it up at the bell. On points it was easily Russell's fight.

Another good bout was one between former bantam champion Willie Schumacher and Danny Dunne. Dunne is a rugged, strong boy, but Schumacher outclassed him in cleverness. Dunne's showing, though, was noteworthy. In the other bouts, which were also lively, Tommy Moran and George Hoey boxed a draw. Young Goldman bested Jimmy Moran, Dave Cullen and Harry England made an even thing of it, as did Young Sheehan and Kid Golding. This mill was full of ginger, both striving every inch of ground.

YOUNG PETER SPRINTED.

Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight, who was looked upon as a fit opponent for Jim Jeffries until Marvin Hart defeated him, met Young Peter Jackson in a rattling twelve-round bout before the Eureka A. C., at Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 1.

Johnson was to have settled Jackson before the limit.

He failed, but only because Jackson would not stand up and fight. Jackson made excellent use of the ring, and embraced to avoid Johnson's heavy lunges and rushes. Johnson tried to get Jackson to fight him, but to no avail. The result was a draw, according to agreement, but on points Johnson won with much to spare.

Johnson started hostilities, determined to end matters in a hurry, if possible. He rushed Jackson, planting rights and lefts to the wind and forcing Jackson to cover up. Johnson shook Jackson up with a hard right to the jaw as the round closed. Johnson did not give Jackson any breathing spell in the second. After missing two leads for the jaw Jackson tried to rough it, but Johnson staggered his man with a right hook. The referee went between the men in a clinch and Jackson hit the referee.

When they faced each other again Johnson sent Jackson through the ropes twice with straight lefts on the jaw. Johnson went after Jackson on the run in

right that could be heard all over the house every time it landed.

Lewis had the best of every round, and was giving Douglas a terrible beating, when the Southern boy tried to foul him rather than suffer defeat by a knockout, which was inevitable. Twice the referee awarded the bout to Lewis on a foul, but the New Yorker refused to accept it. The third time the foul was so palpable that there was nothing to do but stop the bout and declare Lewis the winner.

After the fight Johnny Sullivan said he would back Lewis against Mike (Twin) Sullivan or any welterweight in the world for any part of \$2,500.

CORBETT HUSTLED SIEGER.

Young Corbett and Charley Sieger fought another slashing three-round exhibition at the Hudson A. C., New York, Nov. 30.

The Denver lad was anxious to give Sieger his quetus and sailed into him from the first tap of the gong. He kept going at a terrific pace, and although he managed to land many hard raps, Sieger gave as good as he received. In the last round they fought so hard and evenly that there was nothing to choose between them at the end. Corbett was in poor shape, and but for his ring generalship would have been bested.

Briggs did some tall sprinting in the ninth and Johnson was unable to locate him, but in the tenth Johnson shot a hard left to the face, knocking Jackson against the ropes. Jackson indulged in unfair tactics by butting Johnson in a mix-up. Johnson tried to shove Jackson off, but Peter would not budge. Manager Al Herford rushed into the ring and the place was in an uproar.

Johnson, nettled over the treatment Jackson ac-

cepted and crouched.

After fifteen rounds of grueling work, Arthur Cote, of Biddeford, was awarded the decision over Jimmy Briggs, of Chelsea, at the National Athletic Club, Portland, Me., Nov. 27.

This was Cote's second victory over Briggs within a month. Many of the spectators thought the bout should have been a draw, but Referee Hodgkins

BRIGGS FINISHED SECOND.

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AGREED TO DRAW.

Gus Bezenah, of Covington, Ky., and Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, fought a fifteen-round fight at Cincinnati, O., Nov. 30, that was declared a draw, both agreeing before the match that that should be the decision if both were on their feet at the close of the fifteenth round.

AUSTIN RICE A WINNER.

Austin Rice, of New London, Conn., defeated Billy Kolb, of Philadelphia, in six rounds before the National Sporting Club, at Wilmington, Del., on Nov. 30. Both men were at it at the end, but Rice had all the better of the go.

Jack Query, of Wilmington, landed a right on the jaw of Jack Ward, also of that city, so effectively that Ward was out for five minutes. The Ace of Clubs, of Philadelphia, knocked out Young Jordan, also of Philadelphia, in the second round.

HAGHEY'S CONDITION TOLD.

What was scheduled to be a fifteen-round bout between Billy Burke and Charley Haghey ended abruptly after the eighth round when Haghey walked to Burke's corner and acknowledged defeat.

Fat, slow and out of condition, Haghey stood no show before the activity of Burke, who made the eight rounds an interesting as possible. The go up to the time of Haghey's quitting was lively, although Burke was compelled to do nearly all of the offensive work.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Kid Shiner, of the Lenox A. C., at Providence, R. I., would like to meet any 100-pound boy in the roped arena.

Al Kauffman in a letter to the "Police Gazette," from San Francisco, Cal., states that he would like to meet Jack O'Brien again at an early date.

Rolla Payne, of 111 Western avenue, Muskegon, Mich., writes that he has a 36-pound brindle bull dog that he would like to show with any in the country.

Louis Ruocco, of Bay Ridge, N. Y., challenges any barber in Bay Ridge to meet him in a shaving or hair cutting contest. His address is 310 Forty-ninth street, Brooklyn.

Kid Sheehan, the clever little New England bantam, who is now in New York, and making good in the bouts held at the private clubs, would like to don the mitts with any of the little fellows.

Kid Abel, the sturdy Chicago boxer, who has defeated many good men in the West, was a caller at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently, and stated that he would like to meet some of the good boys in the East.

Otto Sieloff, the Chicago boxer, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from Chicago, Ill., that he is ready to meet any 123 or 125-pound boxer in the world, and states that he is in grand shape at present. He can be found at 1368 North Sacramento avenue.

Andy Walsh, the Brooklyn, N. Y., middleweight, has decided to enter the ring again, and is now undergoing a course of training, with view of meeting some of the good men at his weight. Walsh a few years ago was a topnotcher in his class, and will no doubt make some of the big fellows hustle.

Ashley S. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he is anxious to get a match for a 105-pound boxer, also for one weighing 165 pounds, and bars none at these weights. Johnson would like to hear from Dummy Wall, whose challenge appeared in a recent issue of this paper.

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By practicing the exercises in Prof. Ittmann's book on Physical Culture and Breathing. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



FRANK KEITH AND HIS PETS.

Dolly, the Smallest of all Ring Horses, and Her Dog Rider, Sallie, the Great Bareback Riding Bull Terrier—They Were the Feature of Bonheur Brothers' Show Last Season.

corded him, fought like a bull in the eleventh. He rushed and lashed Jackson with both hands. Peter sprinted. When Johnson corralled him he smashed him on the wind, stomach and jaw. Jackson was weary and puffing when the round was over.

Both toed the centre for the last round fresh and eager. Johnson planted a hard left to the nose and Jackson roughed it. After blocking a straight left Johnson landed on the kidneys. Jackson reached Johnson, scoring with the left on the mouth. Johnson then sailed in, landing on the wind and head. Jackson could not get away and at the finish was trifle groggy.

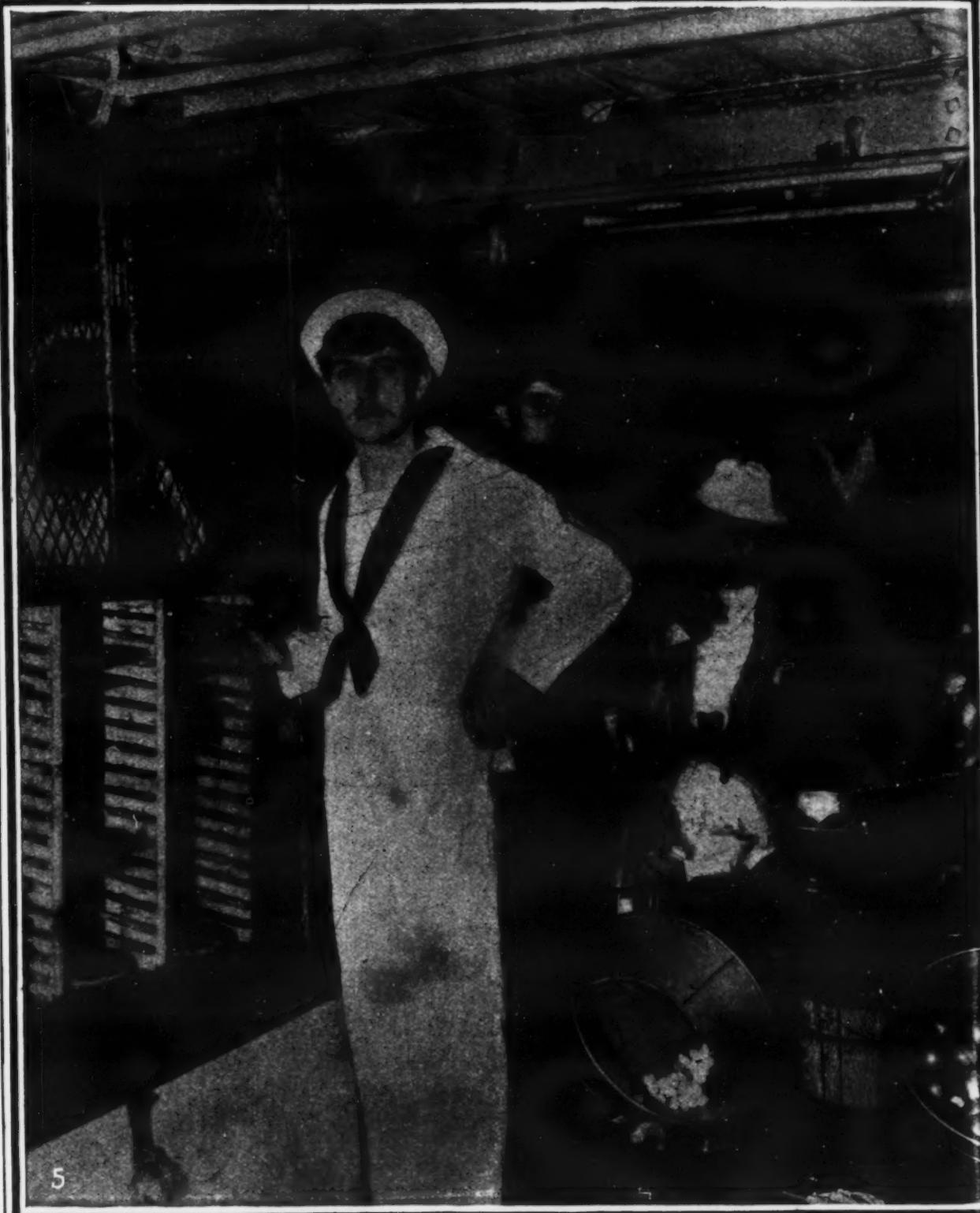
LEWIS LACED DOUGLAS.

Willie Lewis made good in his first fight for the welter-weight championship by giving Fred Douglas, of Savannah, a terrible lacing before the Eastern A. C., Portland, Me., Nov. 30. Lewis was awarded the decision by Referee Sullivan on a foul after he had been struck low and fell to the floor from the blow. Douglas outweighed Lewis eight pounds, but this did not stop him any, for the New Yorker was on top of him all the time, jabbing him with his left and sneaking over a *****

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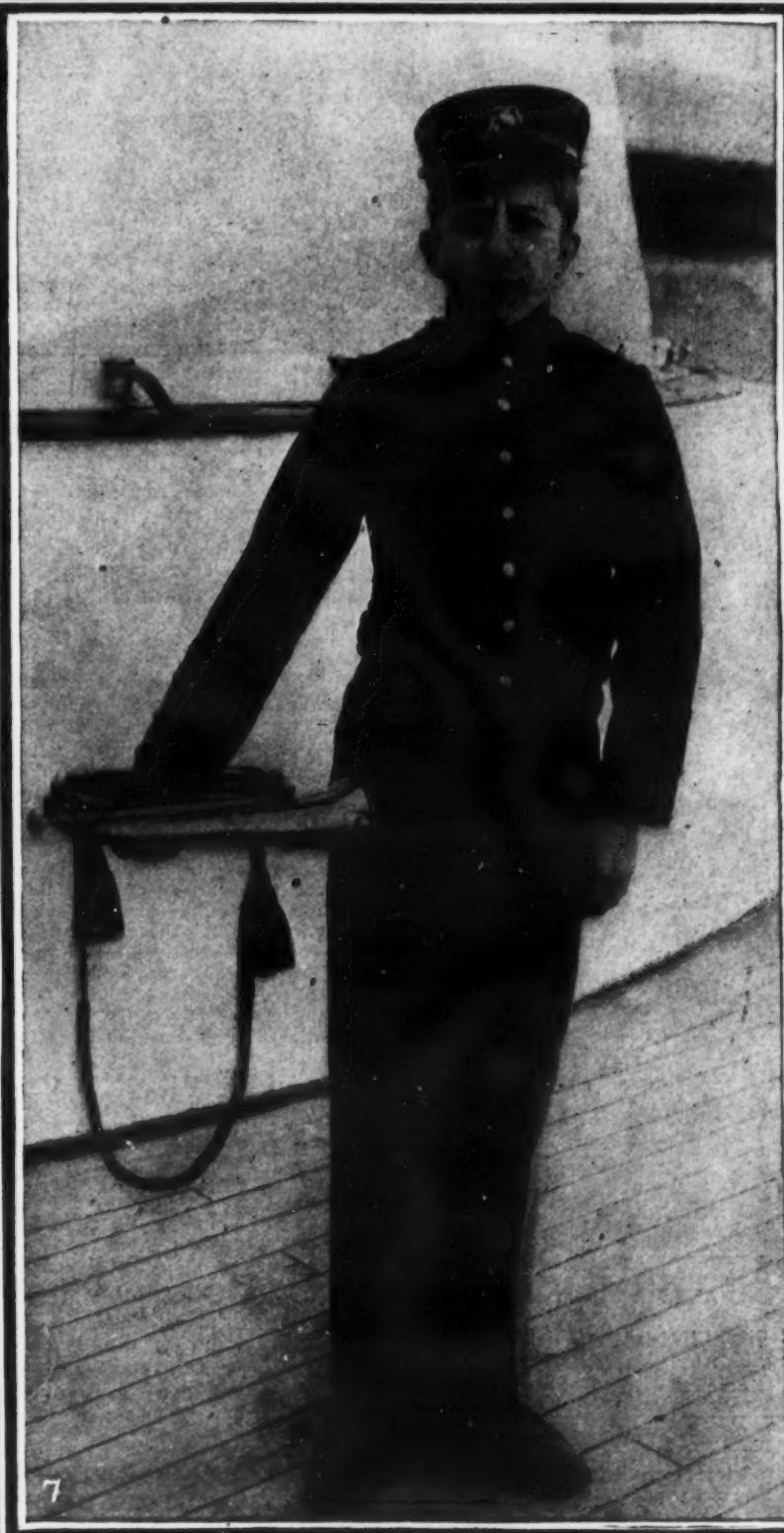
In a private fight held in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Lavonia, Ga., on Nov. 28, Ed De Groot, the French middleweight, knocked out Dave Pollard, bet-



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WITH JACK ON UNCLE

NO. 1—SIGNALLING ON THE UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP CHICAGO. 2—WELCOME LETTERS AND CHRISTMAS PRESENTS ON CHARGE. 4—AN ACTIVE LITTLE BUGLER. 5—THE GRUB SHOP. 6—THE WELL-EQUIPPED "POKER, HOW TO WIN," A GREAT BOOK FOR A LONG VOYAGE.



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MAS PRESENTS FROM HOME. 3—THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH OFFICE ON THE CHICAGO AND THE OPERATOR IN
EQUIPPED BLACKSMITH ON THE CHICAGO. 7—THE SMALLEST BUGLER IN THE NAVY.
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FITZ DECLARED BY EXPERTS

-HE IS MADE A FAVORITE OVER JACK O'BRIEN-

TO BE AS GOOD AS EVER

Spectacular Battle is Looked For When the Grand Old Man of the Prize Ring Faces the Philadelphian.

MIKE "TWIN" SULLIVAN OUGHT TO FIGHT JOE GANS.

Young Corbett and Abe Attell Getting Ready to Fight---Boxing May Soon be Held in Louisville---Football Casualties---Marvin Hart on the Stage.

Interest grows apace as the time draws near for the great fistic battle between Bob Fitzsimmons and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and the consensus of opinion is that the lanky Cornishman will win.

Fitz has shown no signs of staleness and has lost none of his cleverness. With practically no exceptions everyone who has seen the men train declare that the old fellow has it on Jack in everything, with the exception of age.

If the Cornishman wins this battle he will undoubtedly rank as the world's most remarkable fighter. He has been at it for nearly twenty-five years and has not taken particularly good care of himself when he was not training for a bout, but only two men have ever beaten him, Jeffries and Hall, and the latter defeat should undoubtedly be stricken from the old boy's record.

The fight with O'Brien will be one of the most spectacular ever fought. It will be full of fistic pyrotechnics from start to finish. The first few rounds may be slow, as each man will be trying to size the other up, but after they think they have got a line they will begin to box in good earnest.

The following comparison gives the best dope on the qualifications of the two men:

| FITZ | Dimensions | O'BRIEN |
|---------------------------|------------------|----------------------------|
| 43... | Age | 28 |
| 5 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in | Height | 5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. |
| 165 lbs | Weight | 168 lbs. |
| 75 in. | Reach | 73 in. |
| 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. | Biceps | 14 in. |
| 12 in. | Forearm | 12 in. |
| 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. | Chest (normal) | 39 in. |
| 46 in. | Chest (expanded) | 43 in. |
| 31 in. | Waist | 31 in. |
| 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. | Thigh | 22 in. |
| 11 in. | Calf | 16 in. |
| 14 in. | Neck | 16 in. |
| 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. | Wrist | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. |

For purposes of comparison by betting men who will refer to the only time Fitz and O'Brien met in the ring

to try and do his best till he was almost ready to enter the ring. This time Fitzsimmons will be forewarned and forearmed, and well trained for the fray; and Fitzsimmons trained to the hour of the fight is a very different proposition to Fitzsimmons out of training.

Mike (Twin) Sullivan's recent victory over Jimmy Gardner qualifies him for a battle with Battling Nelson if the latter is willing to concede the five pounds which the "twin" requires, but this demand will probably fall on unwilling ears, as Nelson is not inclined to take any the worst of a match, as he would most assuredly be doing if he allowed himself to be cajoled into fighting so good a man as Gardner's conqueror. A logical opponent for the latter is Joe Gans, who, while he is not inclined to admit it, has outgrown the lightweight limit, and is a real 138-pounder.

Joe has put it up to Sullivan, and writes me that he is ready and willing to consummate the match.

"I expect to beat Gardner," said Sullivan, a few days before the recent fight, "and I'll take on Gans or any one the public cares to see me with. I came to Callford to fight, and as that is my occupation, I see no reason why I should refuse to accept matches as long as the other fellow is no heavier than I am. It does not make any difference to me whether Gardner wishes to meet Gans or not. I will."

All signs point to a forthcoming battle between Abe Attell and Young Corbett. From being bosom friends and boon and inseparable companions on their strolls beneath the great white lights which illuminate the only Broadway, they have framed up an enmity as glacial in its frigidity as an iceberg. "Something doing," I said, when they passed each other in Concourse without even the formality of a cold bow. "Chance of fight?" I hinted to the former hero of the 128-pound class.

"Yes, I'll fight him," the latter replied, "at 128 pounds at 3 o'clock, or 128 at 6 o'clock. And I'll post \$500 for weight and \$500 for appearance. He won't stand a chance with me."

"You bet I'll fight him," said Abe, when he was asked about it. "That weight suits me, although I'm making a concession. But I'm willing to do it to get a chance at Corbett. And he's the only man I'll do it for. He says he wants to fight me—well, here's his chance. I've got the first date at the new club in Philadelphia, where we can go twenty rounds, and everybody knows we'll draw a crowd. Jimmy Bell says he'll bet \$1,000 on me."

"What's the trouble? Oh, never mind, but we don't love each other like we used to, and I just want the chance to get at him once. That's all."

Reads well, all right, but the grudge ain't on the level—so lookout for something to drop!

Things are looking up for the mit experts in Louisville, Ky., and the patrons of the fighting game in that noted burg are exceedingly sanguine that the ban on boxing will be lifted shortly and that bouts of at least six or ten rounds will be permitted. The reform element in politics in Louisville was overwhelmingly defeated recently and there is every indication that the men now in power are friendly to boxing.

A new armory is being built at a cost of over \$1,000,000, and the lovers of boxing are looking at it with longing eyes, as there has been no place there where a fight could be held since the Auditorium was torn down. The armory, it is said, will seat about ten thousand, and as Louisville's central position will make it a convenient place for the crowds to reach, it is natural that the promoters should be moving heaven and earth to bring about a change of sentiment.

If the movement is successful Bob Grey will undoubtedly be made the manager, and the first event on the programme in case finish fights are allowed will be a bout in which a championship of some kind will be involved.

To the stage for Marvin Hart, and with the no less distinguished a member of the fighting fraternity than Tommy Ryan for a partner. This disposes of any prospect of the Louisville self-made title holder fighting the winner of the Fitzsimmons-O'Brien bout for the heavyweight championship. Lately Ryan took Hart under his management, and by the term arranged Ryan and Hart will tour the world under the business management of Jack Curley, the Chicago fight manager. This tour, they say, will cover every spot on the globe where the fistic game is known.

In their act Hart and Ryan will meet all comers wherever permissible, doggymnastic and bag-punching stunts and wind up by boxing four rounds. While in England and Australia they will be permitted by their contract to fight the champion of the country before any club.

They will arrange a lively four-round boxing turn that promises to outshine anything ever seen in a friendly contest. Ryan is a wise fellow, and he and

YOU CAN HAVE GOOD LUNGS
If you will study Prof. Ittmann's illustrated exercises. No. 2 of Fox's Famous Athletic Library. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

Hart ought to make much money in meeting aspiring champions in the cities in which they play, outside of the stipulated salary they will receive from the theatrical companies. In the meantime, Hart will pick up much knowledge of the finer points of the boxing game, which will be of great service to him when he finally decides to fight somebody for the title of champion, which he claims.

Always at this time of the year boxing enthusiasts read with interest the accounts of dangerous and brutal football games, and wonder why the intelligent and brainy men who legislate laws for the various States see fit to discriminate so unfairly against boxing, a sport which facts and figures conclusively prove does not begin to compare in its objectionable features with what transpires on the gridiron. The football season, which barely lasts six weeks, is over, and a

American wrestler, say it will not be long before he will resign his position as athletic instructor at the National Military Academy at West Point.

He wrestles with 400 stout kids every day. "That's going some," says Tom, "but I don't mind it." His friends, however, don't believe he can stand the strain very long. Tom explains certain holds to the boys on a blackboard and lectures to them, and then he gets on the mat and lets the cadets try to do things to him that he's been telling them about. The practice for the strangle hold is the thing that bothers him the most. He gives that more attention than the boxing. Tom is also a general utility man. Only the other day the dummy that the football team uses to tackle at practice got out of whack, and what did they do but call on Tom to get out on the field and let those kids do flying wedges and shinbone grips, and all their other stunts on him. Tom just stood there like Patience on a monument and grunted and sweated and let them come one right after the other. Jenkins thinks the West Point football team the greatest ever.

One would think that a man of Joe Walcott's prominence in the fistic world could get all the fighting he wanted to do in a ring without jeopardizing his liberty by slugging innocent people. As a rule professional fighters are the hardest people in the world to drag into a fist fight outside of the ring. In the first place, they know what they can do, and they seldom care to take advantage of their fistic superiority over the ordinary citizen. In the second, they have a dislike for fighting without a purse up, and don't want to chance breaking a hand unless there is money in sight.

But Joe Walcott, having announced his retirement from the ring, doesn't care about little things of that kind. The result is that Joe is now awaiting trial in Boston for slugging a boy in a local poolroom. This is Walcott's first affair since the famous occasion last year, on which he shot himself through the hand and punctured another "cullid gemman" who happened to be standing near. In case the Boston authorities are in doubt as to the best mode of punishment for the Black Demon, it is suggested that he be put into a ring and forced to fight somebody "on the level."

A great illustrated story of the Fitz-O'Brien fight by rounds in POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1481, out Dec. 28. Don't fail to get it.

It will be news to Charley Mitchell's friends, relatives, admirers, etc., etc., in England, to learn that their former boxing champion has become so enamored of "this blooming country" that he intends taking up his permanent residence here and becoming a naturalized citizen.

"Somehow or other, I don't exactly know how it is or why it is, but England does not seem like home to me. I was born there and I like the country," said Mitchell. "I like the people and I have many friends in the island, but here in New York is where I want to be, for here I find my warmest friends and enjoy myself the most."

Mitchell has been in the United States for some months on his last trip. He came here for the first time twenty-three years ago, when his work in the ring won him many admirers and his manly qualities and gameness were recognized.

Since then he has made a score of trips to this country and, as he says, never had a bad time. The life and energy of the United States people—their hustling qualities—have appealed to the man who was one of the quickest that ever stepped into the ring. A year ago Mitchell talked of becoming an American, but business called him to England and he neglected to take out naturalization papers.

He will sail for London very soon and remain there until the first of next February, winding up his business affairs. Then he will return to New York for good.

Mitchell will go into business with a wealthy friend of his in this city. What that business is he declined to say.

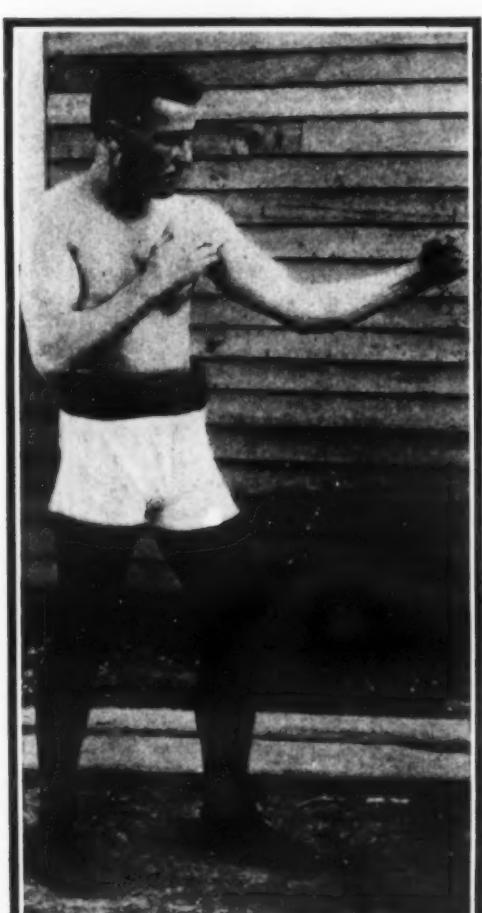
After Fred Beel has taken the measure of a few more of those paper-made champion wrestlers, people will begin to drop to the fact that the little fellow from Wisconsin is made of better material than they gave him credit for. The other night, in Buffalo, he showed himself clearly the superior of Jim Parr, the plucky Englishman, in their wrestling bout. It took Beel 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to get the first fall from Parr, but in that period the Englishman had undergone a pretty tough grueling at the hands of his younger opponent. Beel says he weighed only 158 pounds, while Parr probably scaled 10 pounds more. The smaller man, however, showed himself possessed of extraordinary strength. He kept Parr on the defensive continually and buried him around the mat like a bag of meal. Parr, with his usual cleverness and quickness, wriggled and twisted and turned out of many dangerous holds, but he really never had a look-in to throw his man.

Beel gave Parr but little chance for breathing spells, and punished him pretty hard. He secured the first fall with a half-Nelson and leg hold. Parr was plainly tired when he came out for the second bout. He claimed he wrenched a shou'lder in the first ten minutes of wrestling and that was easy to believe. Beel was after his man like a whirlwind. Parr struggled fruitlessly, and finally Beel secured the deadly hammerlock and Parr was forced to give in.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

WARNING.

Edward B. Adams, who, when last heard from, was traveling through the Middle West soliciting subscriptions for the Police Gazette, is no longer in the employ of Richard K. Fox, and not authorized to accept money or do business for this paper.



ALEX VIZENA.

A Mound City, Ill., Lightweight Fighter, Who Challenges Any Boxer at the Weight For a Purse and a Side Bet of \$500.

as a basis for some of their transactions, a brief summary of that affair is herewith given:

O'Brien jabbed and punched Fitzsimmons almost as he pleased in the earlier rounds of the bout. He had Fitzsimmons' mouth and nose bleeding, but he could not make any serious impression on the former blacksmith, and in the sixth round Fitzsimmons had O'Brien down and the police stepped into the ring to stop the contest, O'Brien being saved the ignominy of a knockout. For that bout Bob had not done any training, for he claims that he was deceived by being told after their first contest had been declared off that the police here would only allow a friendly sparring exhibition, and he was not told that O'Brien was going

Even some jobs are too strenuous for professional fighters and wrestlers to tackle. All of them are not as persevering and indefatigable in their labors as old Mike Donovan, who, although over sixty years of age, holds down his job as boxing instructor to the New York A. C. better than any younger man I could name. Now the friends of Tom Jenkins, the champion

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H. J. W., Holymood, Kan.—The low wins the game.

Sam Williams.—What is it you wish to know? This is the first letter we have had from you.

M. T. P., Muncie, Ind.—A bets B that the Great Eastern was built in England?....England.

J. E. C., Minneapolis, Minn.—Has any fighter won more fights than Robert Fitzsimmons?....Yes, George Dixon.

E. N. R., Presidio, Cal.—Did Gus Buhlin ever defeat Tom Sharkey at home or abroad?....Yes, in England in 11 rounds.

A. J. McN., New Mills, N. B.—Is James J. Jeffries in the ring or has he retired? What is his ring weight?....1. He claims to have retired. 2. Heavyweight.

O. L. R., Glendale, R. I.—A bets B a dollar that he can beat him playing game of pool; B makes the bet, refuses to play and claims the money?....B cannot win.

F. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Pinochle; the score stands, A 995; B 915; the cards are dealt and B leads a Jack of clubs; A takes it with the ten of clubs and calls out; B claims that he has to take another trick?....A is out.

J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A and B play a game of pinochle; A melds twenty hearts, then takes another trick and lays out the other seven kings, thus melding 800 kings; B claims it does not count?....It does not count.

A great illustrated story of the Fitz-O'Brien fight by rounds in POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1481, out Dec. 28. Don't fail to get it.

T. B., Chicago, Ill.—Playing poker, A and B; A opens pot; B draws cards also; A bets; B refuses to call; A shows pair of queens and spreads other three cards on table face down; B claims right to see all cards face up? A opens pot; B passes; Is A compelled to show openers only or all five cards?....1. Opener must show all cards face up after draw. 2. Only openers.

J. A. Bleau, Montreal, Can.—Mr. L. O. Maille is supposed to be champion checkers player of America (he says so.) A few months ago he challenged Mr. Weiss, champion of Europe, for a \$1,000 wager; Mr. Weiss being a poor man, and thinking that he could find friends to support him, accepted Mr. Maille's challenge, but later on, finding he could not get backers he had to decline; now Mr. Maille declares himself champion of the world; has he right to do so?....Yes, if he challenges and nobody accepts, he becomes champion by default.

can player take jump before opponent is entitled to his move or does king row end the move?....1. High wins. 2. King row ends move.

R. H., Rochester, N. Y.—A and B were playing a game of pool called 66; call shot; A had 64; B had 30; A wanted a ball in 2 pocket to make him 66, and as he



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The First Prize in the Bartender's Contest Now Being Conducted by the Police Gazette. The Man Who Wins This Handsome Trophy will Not Only Have a Valuable Gold Medal, But He Will Have a Reputation That Will Mean Financial Advancement.

had no ball to shoot at the 2 pocket he played safe, and the ball he hit fell into the 4 pocket, but he called it safe before hitting it in; B bet A \$10 that A run over 66. Is A entitled to the ball that fell in the 4 pocket or does A spot the ball on the table again?....A run over 66. B wins the bet.



H. K., Muskegon, Mich.—A bet B that Michigan makes more scores in last half than they do in the first half. Michigan makes six in each half. Who wins?....Bet depends upon use of the word "more" and A loses.

C. N. W., Cincinnati, O.—Wade bet Lewing that a ten dollar greenback note is money; Lewing bet it is not; Wade says that all money paper or metal stamped by authority is money?....A Treasury or bank note only represents its money equivalent in gold and silver which is deposited in the Treasury.

B. S., Baltimore, Md.—In game of draw poker; seven hands playing; the cards are dealt and the first man after the dealer opens the pot; several hands stick along and when it comes to the last hand, he finds that he has six cards, while the balance of the players have five cards; after the player with the six cards looks at his hand, he announces to the balance of the players that he has six cards and calls it a misdeal. Is it a misdeal all around or is the player with the six cards out of the game, his hand being forfeited as he looked at it before he announced to the balance of the players that he had six cards instead of five?....It is a misdeal, as there are 36 cards dealt.

P. J. C., Watkins, N. Y.—A, B, C, D and E are playing a game of whisky poker; A deals; B, C and D holds; E closes the game; A is also satisfied; can B take the widow if he wants it, and can the other players up to E draw cards; if B does not take the widow can C or D? The same fellow are playing whisky poker; A deals; B, C, D and E also A holds; what is to be done with the widow; does the dealer turn them over or is it a show down? A, B, C, D and E are playing a game of whisky poker; A deals; B holds; C closes the game; D turns over the cards for E and A to draw from; has D any right to turn over the cards, and if so was not B entitled to a draw also?....1. Yes. 2. After A holds, next player in turn must hold his hand or play the widow. 3. See answer to No. 2, and B is entitled to a draw.

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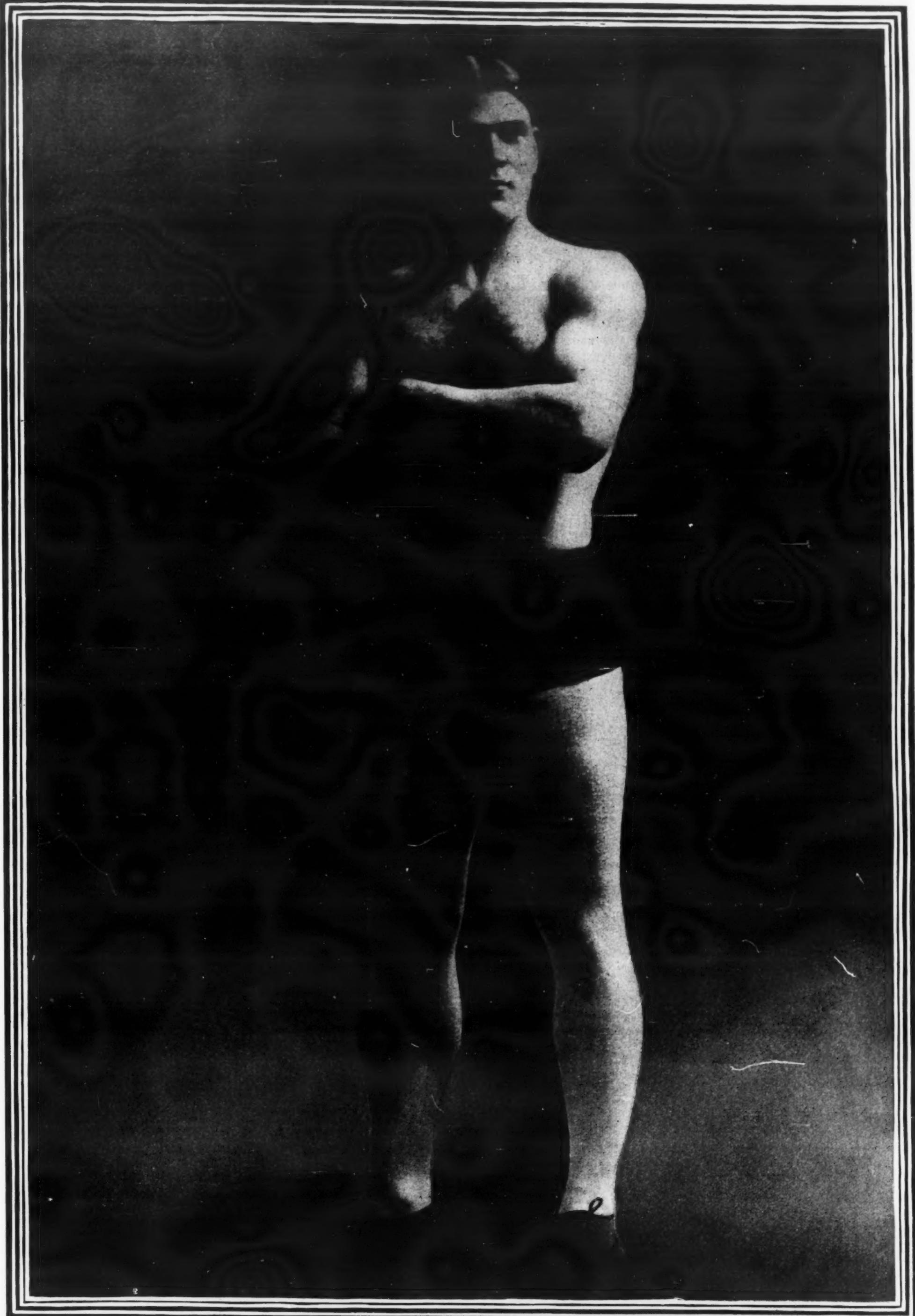
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THE PETTY OFFICERS OF THE MAYFLOWER, THE HANDSOME BOAT WHICH IS PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS FAMILY.



FRANK GOTCH.

THE NOTED HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLER WHO WILL BE BUSY ON THE MAT THIS WINTER AND WHO IS NOW TOURING THE WEST.

WELL-KNOWN SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



F. L. Pallet is the proprietor of the Black Cat Cafe and Restaurant at 505 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., one of the finest places in the city. Mr. Pallet has a large acquaintance among professional people, particularly among journalists and those in the theatrical profession. He serves the best the market affords, and was formerly connected with the Hoffman House, New York.

GOLD MEDALS FOR 1906

The best recipe for a new drink will get the \$75 medal, which is a mighty fine specimen of the jeweller's art, and well worth owning.

We don't need to go into details concerning these medals.

There is only one kind of pure gold, and that is the only kind that Mr. Fox has any use for in a POLICE GAZETTE trophy.

There never was a plated medal made with the name Richard K. Fox on it, and there never will be.

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FIRST PRIZE-\$75.00 Gold Medal.

SECOND PRIZE-\$50.00 Gold Medal.

THIRD PRIZE-\$25.00 Gold Medal.

Now, what have you in the shape of new drinks? The man who is absolutely satisfied to be quiet will never make a success in life.

It's the hustlers who win out and come to the front. We want every bartender to try for these medals. Don't talk about what you can do, but do it.

If you are clever, make your cleverness win you a medal.

If you take pride in your profession and a pride in your ability, you certainly ought to want to be a champion.

WARNING!



S. Schwartz, who has been doing business in Chicago and vicinity for the Police Gazette as a canvasser and subscription agent, has no

S. SCHWARTZ.

authority to represent this paper in the future, nor to accept any money due this office. He is no longer in the employ of Richard K. Fox.

SUMMER BREEZE.

(By John Gillespie, cor Concord and Washington streets, Boston, Mass.)

Use medium bar glass; one-half teaspoon sugar dissolved in half gin glass Rhein wine; small lump ice; one-half gin glass Sloe gin; stir well; fill with seltzer; squeeze lemon peel on top; serve.

PALM DE ROYAL.

(By Jos Fleischman, Aragon Hotel, Jacksonville, Fla.) Use large bar glass; two spoons powdered sugar dissolved in a little seltzer; two dashes Creme de Menthe; two sprigs of mint; fill glass half full cracked ice; one fresh egg; one gill of

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whiskey. Fill glass to top with milk, shake well, strain in highball glass, dash of nutmeg.

PLEASANT COCKTAIL.

(By Ed F. Schira, 4550 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.) Use mixing glass; two or three lumps ice; half Jigger Vermouth; two or three dashes Raspberry syrup; two or three dashes Angostura bitters; one Jigger R. T. Peppermint; stir with spoon; strain into cocktail glass; add cherry and slice of lemon; serve.

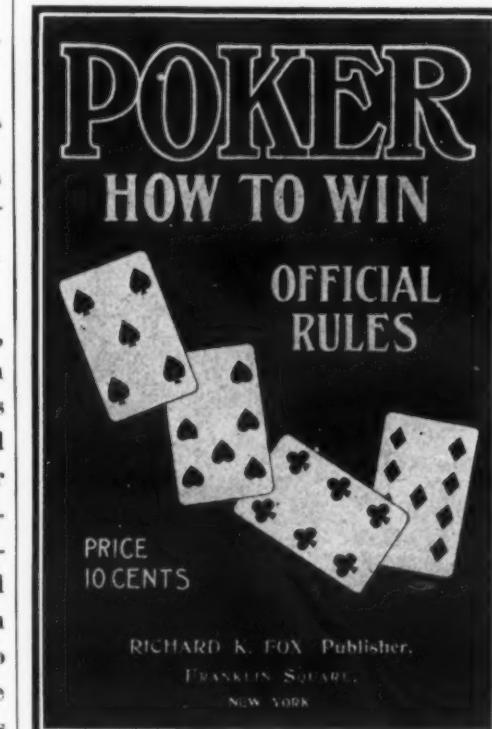
SLOE MARTINI COCKTAIL.
(By Geo. Beecher, 3715 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.) Use mixing glass half full ice; one dash Orange bitters; one dash Absinthe; one-third French Vermouth; two-thirds Sloe gin; stir well; strain into cocktail glass, twist a bit of lemon peel and serve.

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A great illustrated story of the Fitz-O'Brien fight by rounds in POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1481, out Dec. 28. Don't fail to get it.

BUSY JACK JOHNSON.

Jack Johnson, the big colored heavyweight, met Joe Jeannette, of New York, at the National A. C. Philadelphia, on Dec. 2 in a six-round argument.

Johnson started after his rival at the tap of the gong, and Jeannette, knowing the power of the man facing him, protected himself well.

The fourth round was the best of the night, for the New Yorker. He came out of his crouch and met Johnson. Then the milling waxed warm, and the crowd began to yell. Jeannette did not retreat, but stood and let fly as best he could, and Johnson smiled in glee to think that he would soon find a vacancy and bang it on Joe's jaw. This was Jeannette's round, and the gallery yelled in delight at the promise of some rare swatting yet to come.

Jeannette encouraged by his showing in the round previous, began to go after Johnson in the fifth round, and just when the New Yorker came strong he bumped into a stiff short right to the jaw, which put him on the floor for the count of nine.

In the last round Jeannette went to the floor twice and took the full limit on each occasion. He was not trying to evade the short taps to the jaw, and the mill ended with Johnson actively engaged in a desperate endeavor to end the go and Jeannette there to stay.

In the preliminary bout Grover Hayes, of Chicago, won a stiff six-round battle from Young Crosta, in a curtain raiser. Abe Herman defeated Young Nitche in the next mill, after six rounds of strenuous going. Billy Willis defeated Jack Cardiff, of Reading, Pa., in the semi-windup in a rather tame bout.

HACK'S HARD JOB IN ENGLAND.

Hackenschmidt has been having a strenuous time of it in England. Recently at Brixton he met an opponent in the person of one John Strong, a wrestler from Cumberland, who showed the champion a few things about the art that were evidently new to the Russian.

When they met Hackenschmidt attempted the cross-buttock, but failed, as Strong swept it aside by stepping past his opponent's leg. The Russian then tried the hammerlock, without result, when the Cumbrian shook himself free, and, grasping Hackenschmidt around the waist, he threw him over his knee in a masterly style, a feat which created the utmost excitement. After the bout Hackenschmidt complained that Strong "would not make a play" and merely acted on the defensive. Why, that was the agreement at the commencement. The Russian had to throw Strong within ten minutes or pay £10.

Strong at 18 stone weight, is a heavy handful. Having graduated on the far-famed Swifts at Carlisle, under the mentorship of George Steadman, George Louden and Hexham Clarke, he has taken prizes in all the best rings in the North of England, and, as a Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestler, he takes first-class rank.

Later the two met for a finish. Hackenschmidt was thoroughly wound up for the occasion, and never performed better in his life, while Strong scarcely approached his usual form. The Russian gave his opponent no rest, and proved so far as ground wrestling is concerned that he is Strong's superior. Hackenschmidt commenced operations by getting the Cumberland hold, and in spite of Strong's exertions, the latter was floored emphatically, and a long bout on the carpet ensued in favor of the Russian. Eventually Strong rose to his feet, and seizing Hackenschmidt round the waist dashed him to the carpet in true Cumberland fashion, but on the mat the Carlisle man was always under. On three occasions the Russian was within an ace of securing a fall before Strong fell a victim to the hammerlock and roll-over in nine minutes fifty-two seconds.

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Dept. 23, 1133 Broadway, New York.

THE KNOCKOUT WON.

At the Gloucester (Mass.) A. C., Nov. 30, the main bout scheduled for twelve rounds between Mattie Baldwin, of Charlestown, and Young Cornell, of Lowell, was won by Baldwin within a few seconds of the finish of the tenth round by a knockout.

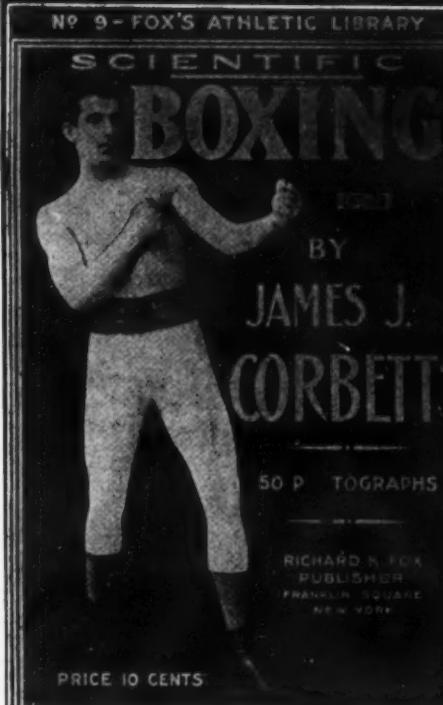
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Two Dozen, \$1.00.**

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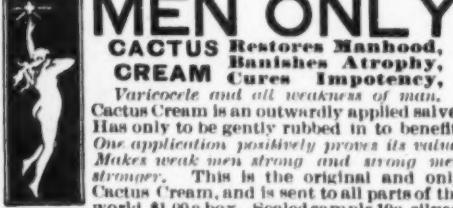
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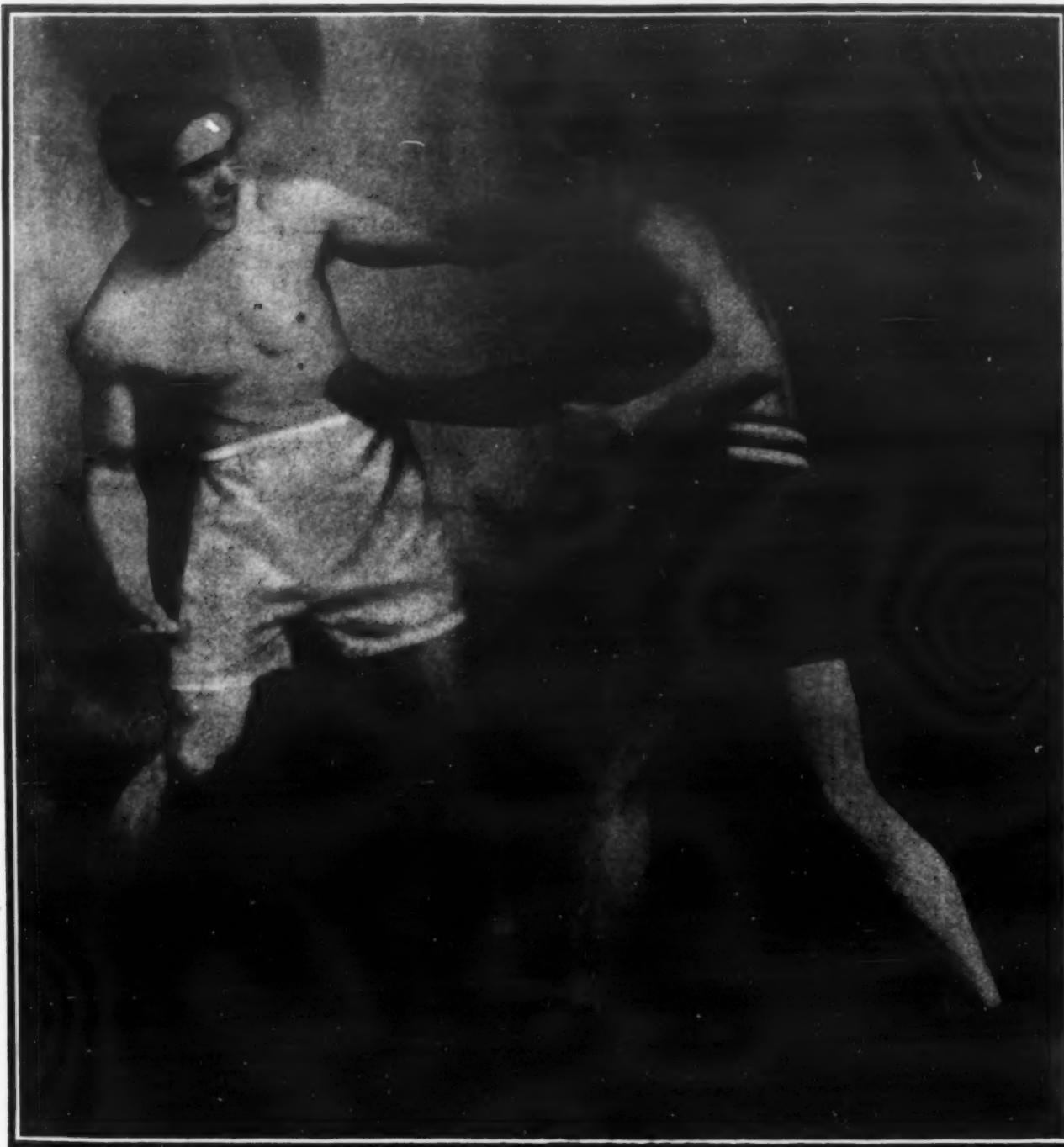
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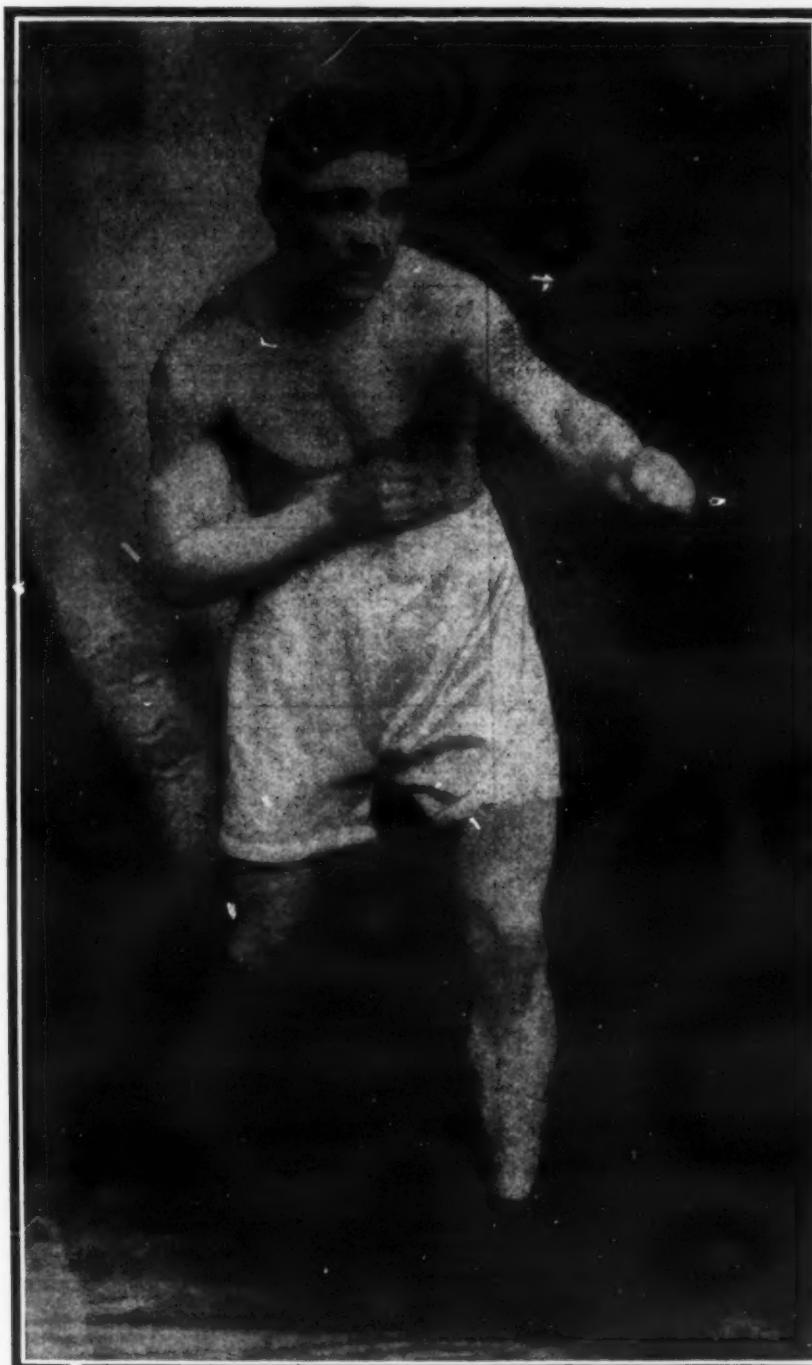
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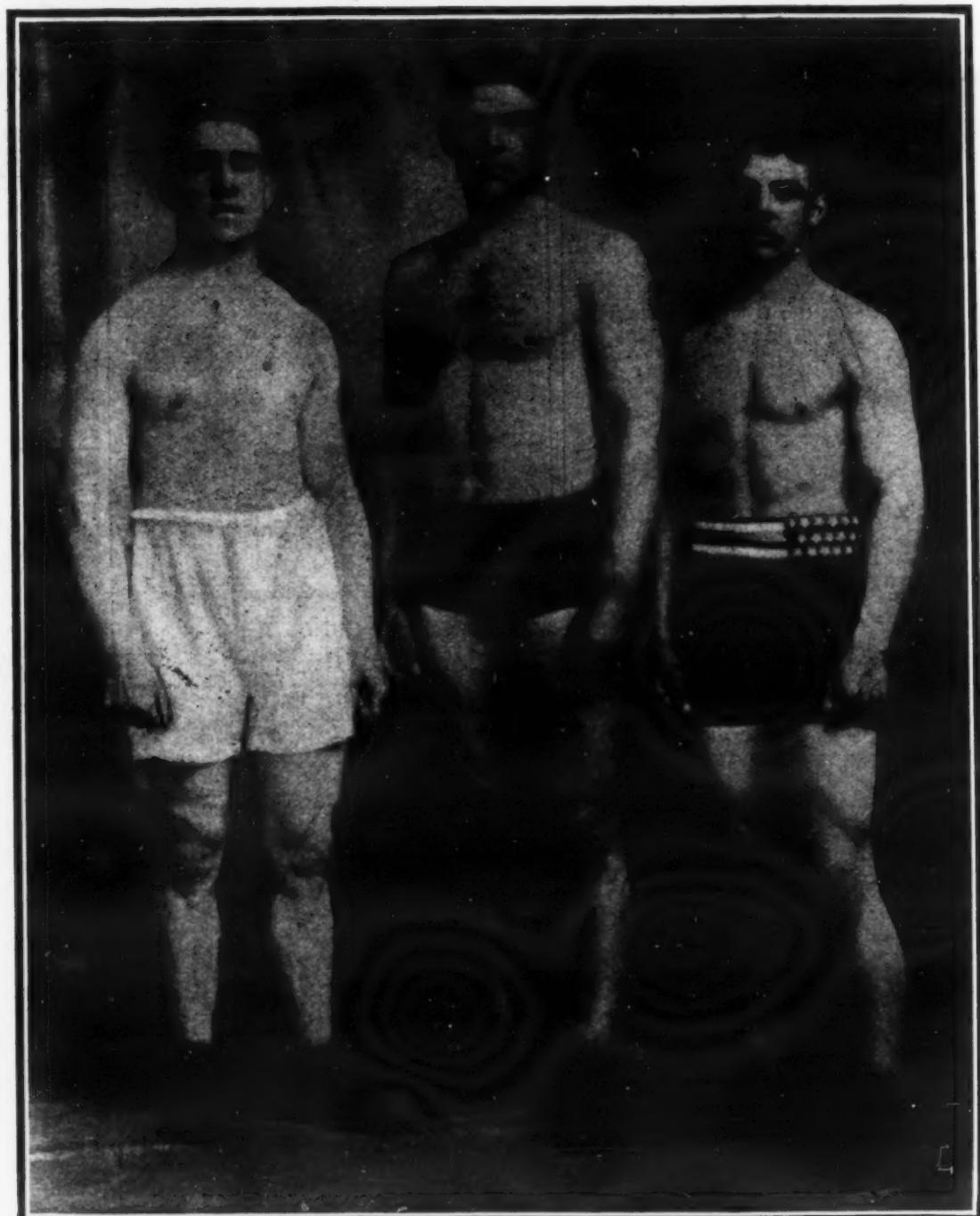
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